



# POPULAR SONGS

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ASSINIBOINE GUN CLUB

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## Complimentary Dinner

TO  
MANITOBA-SASKATCHEWAN  
DIVISIONAL TRAPSHOOTERS  
WINNIPEG



Tuesday, June 17th, 1924



**T**HIS booklet is printed and published by the Veteran Press Ltd. Copies will be supplied to regimental associations, soldiers' clubs, fraternal societies, and others for use at banquets, re-unions, and gatherings of a similar nature, at a nominal charge.

We would appreciate receiving the words of any suitable ditties which may have been omitted from this booklet, so that they may be included in the next edition.

**VETERAN PRESS LTD.**  
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# Popular Songs

1

## GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
    God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
    God save our King.

2

## THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

In days of yore from Britain's shore,  
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
    On Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,  
    And joined in love together,  
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine  
    The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,  
    The Maple Leaf for ever!  
God save our King, and Heaven bless  
    The Maple Leaf for ever!

3

## LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the free,  
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee.  
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set.  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee  
    mightier yet.  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee  
    mightier yet.

4

## STUMBLING

Stumbling all around, stumbling all around,  
    stumbling all around so funny,  
Stumbling here and there, stumbling ev'ry-  
    where, and I must declare,  
I stepped right on her toes, and when she  
    bumped my nose, I fell and when I rose,  
I felt ashamed and told her,  
That's the latest step, that's the latest step,  
    that's the latest step, my honey,  
Notice all the pep, notice all the pep, notice all  
    the pep;  
She said "Stop mumbling, tho' you are  
    stumbling,  
I like it just a little bit, just a little bit, quite  
    a little bit."

5

## YOO-HOO

You'll hear me calling Yoo-hoo,  
    'Neath your window some sweet day,  
You'll hear me calling Yoo-hoo,  
    And you'll know I'm home to stay,  
When I hear your cheery answer,  
    It will make my dreams come true,  
Because I know that Yoo-hoo  
    Means "I love you."

## 6 ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda lookin' eastward  
to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin' and I know she  
thinks of me.  
For the wind is in the palm trees, and the  
temple bells they say,  
"Come you back, you British soldier, come you  
back to Mandalay."

Chorus

Come you back to Mandalay, come you back to  
Mandalay, where the old flotilla lay.  
Can't you hear their paddles chunkin' from  
Rangoon to Mandalay?  
On the road to Mandalay, where the flyin'  
fishes play,  
And the dawn comes up like thunder out of  
China 'crost the bay.

## 7 AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN

It was an old fashioned garden,  
Just an old fashioned garden,  
But it carried me back  
To that dear little shack  
In the land of long ago,  
I saw an old fashioned missus  
Getting old fashioned kisses  
In that old fashioned garden  
From an old fashioned beau.

## 8 FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing for me and my gal,  
The birds are singing for me and my gal,  
Ev'rybody's been knowing,  
To a wedding they're going,  
And for weeks they've been sewing,  
Every Susie and Sal.  
They're congregating for me and my gal,  
The Parson's waiting for me and my gal,  
And sometime I'm going to build a little home  
for two,  
For three, or four, or more,

## 9 MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky  
home,  
"Tis summer, the darkies are gay.  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folk roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, and happy, and bright;  
Bye-'n bye hard times come a-knocking at the  
door,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh, weep no more today,  
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky  
home,  
For my old Kentucky home far away.

There are smiles that make us happy,  
 There are smiles that make us blue,  
 There are smiles that steal away the tear-drops,  
 As the sunbeams steal away the dew,  
 There are smiles that have a tender meaning,  
 That the eyes of love alone may see,  
 And the smiles that fill my life with sunshine  
 Are the smiles that you give to me.

Every time he'd say g-g-good bye,  
 She'd say, "k-k-kiss me again,"  
 Every time he'd make for the door,  
 She'd say "G-G-G-George, kiss me some more."  
 There he'd stand, hat in hand,  
 Trying to leave in vain.  
 Every time he says "g-g-good night, my pet,"  
 She'd say "G-G-George, d-d-don't go yet,  
 For these are the only c-c-cuddles I get."  
 So he k-k-k-kissed her again.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,  
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away,  
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know,  
 I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

## Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming,  
 For my head is bending low,  
 I hear their gentle voices calling  
 Old Black Joe.

There's the same old chair still waiting,  
 And the same old kettle sings;  
 There's the same old love for you, dear,  
 Just the same old, dear old things;  
 There's the same old fireside glowing,  
 Where I long to see your face;  
 O there's not one thing been alter'd there;  
 It's the same old, dear old place.

Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes,  
 Life could not hold a fairer paradise,  
 Give me the right to love you all the while,  
 My world forever, the sunshine of your smile.

Pack up your troubles in your own kit-bag,  
 And smile, smile, smile.  
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag,  
 Smile, boys, that's the style.  
 What's the use of worrying?  
 It never was worth while, so  
 Pack up your troubles in your own kit-bag,  
 And smile, smile, smile.

16      ALL THE NICE GIRLS LOVE  
          A SAILOR

All the nice girls love a sailor,  
All the nice girls love a tar,  
For there's something about a sailor,  
Well, you know what sailors are.  
Free and easy, bright and breezy,  
He's the ladies' prize and joy;  
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,  
Then he's off to sea again,  
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

17      COAL BLACK MAMMY

'Cause I'm goin', yes, I'm goin', with a love  
that's ever growin',  
To that coal-black mammy o' mine,  
Not a cent, not a cent, an' my clothes are only  
lent;  
All the same she'll think I'm just fine,  
How I've dream'd, how I've schem'd, an' at  
times it almost seem'd  
That the sun would never, never shine;  
That's why I'm goin', yes, I'm goin', mighty  
soon I'll be hulloin',  
To that coal-black mammy o' mine.

18      I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY

I'm sorry, dear, so sorry, dear,  
I'm sorry I made you cry!  
Won't you forget, won't you forgive?  
Don't let us say good-bye!  
One little word, one little smile,  
One little kiss, won't you try?  
It breaks my heart to hear you sigh,  
I'm sorry I made you cry!

19      KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN,  
          FRITZIE BOY

Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,  
Keep your head down, Fritzie boy,  
Late last night in the pale moonlight I saw  
you, I saw you.  
You were fixing your barbed wire  
When we opened up rapid fire,  
So, if you want to see your Fatherland again,  
keep your head down, Fritzie boy.

20      FRIENDS OF YESTERDAY

We're all friends together,  
Friends of yesterday,  
We loved each other in the sun  
And when the skies were grey  
There's nothing like a friend, boys,  
To help you on your way,  
We'll stick together to the end,  
Just friends of yesterday.

## 21 FANCY YOU FANCYING ME

Fancy you fancying me!  
I can't tell what you can see,  
For it seems like dreams, not reality,  
That you should like my personality.  
I can't quite figure it out,  
I can't tell why it should be,  
I can fancy anybody fancying you,  
But fancy you fancying me.

## 22 I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

I'm always chasing rain-bows,  
Watching clouds drifting by.  
My schemes are like all my dreams—  
Ending in the sky.  
Some fellows look and find the sunshine,  
I always look and find the rain.  
Some fellows make a winning sometime,  
I never even make a gain, believe me.  
I'm always chasing rain-bows,  
Waiting to find a little blue bird in vain.

## 23 THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
    Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
    And a white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting  
    Until my dreams all come true,  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
    That long, long trail with you.

## 24 HORTENSE

O my sweet Hortense,  
She ain't good looking but she's got sense,  
Every time I kiss Hortense  
I always buy a nickel's worth of peppermint.  
Rain makes flowers pretty I hear,  
I hope it rains on Hortense for a year.  
O my sweet Hortense,  
She ain't good looking but she's got sense,

## 25 GOOD-BYE-EE

Good-bye-ee, good-bye-ee! Wipe the tear, baby  
    dear, from your eye-ee.  
Tho' it's hard to part, I know, I'd be tickled to  
    death to go,  
Don't cry-ee, don't sigh-ee! There's a silver  
    lining in the sky-ee.  
Bon-soir, old thing! Cheerio! Chin-chin!  
    Nah-poo! Too-dle-oo! Good-bye-ee!

## 26 THE WEE HOOSE 'MANG THE HEATHER

There's a wee hoose 'mang the heather,  
There's a wee hoose o'er the sea,  
There's a lassie in that wee hoose  
    Waiting patiently for me.  
She's the picture o' perfection,  
    O! I would na' tell a lee,  
If ye seen her ye would love her  
    Just the same as me.

When April Showers will come your way,  
 They bring you flowers that bloom in May.  
 So don't be dreamy, have no regrets,  
 Because it isn't raining rain today, it's raining  
 violets.

So when you see clouds upon the hills,  
 You soon will see crowds of daffodils.  
 So keep on looking for your bluebird and  
 listening for his song,  
 Whenever April Showers come along.

## 28 ONE-HORSE OPEN SLEIGH

Dashing thro' the snow, in a one-horse open  
 sleigh,  
 O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way.  
 Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright,  
 What fun it is to ride and sing, a sleighing  
 song tonight.

## Chorus

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,  
 Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open  
 sleigh.  
 Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,  
 Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open  
 sleigh.

## 29 JOAN OF ARC

Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!  
 Let your eyes from the skies see the foe.  
 Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-Lys?  
 Don't you hear the cries of Normandy?  
 Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!  
 Let your spirit guide us through.  
 Joan of Arc! We are calling you.  
 Come, lead your France to Victory.

30 TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD  
 BLIGHTY

Take me back to dear old Blighty,  
 Put me on the train for London town,  
 Take me over there, drop me anywhere.  
 Birmingham, Leeds, or Manchester, well, I  
 don't care!  
 I should love to see my best girl,  
 Cuddling up again we soon should be, Whoa!  
 Tiddly iddly, ightly, hurry me home to Blighty,  
 Blighty is the place for me.

## 31 SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the Western sea;  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the Western sea;  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon and blow,  
 Blow him again to me,  
 While my little one, while my pretty one  
 sleeps.

You can talk about your love affairs,  
 Here's one I must tell to you;  
 All night long they sit upon the stairs,  
 He holds her close and starts to coo:

## Chorus

"My little Margie,  
 I'm always thinking of you, Margie,  
 I'll tell the world I love you;  
 Don't forget your promise to me,  
 I have bought a home and ring and every-  
 thing for Margie,  
 You've been by inspiration,  
 Days are never blue;  
 After all is said and done,  
 There is really only one,  
 Oh Margie, Margie, it's you."

### 33 WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

Where the dear old Shannon's flowing,  
 Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,  
 Where my heart is, I am going,  
 To my little Irish rose,  
 And the moment that I meet her,  
 With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,  
 For there's not a coolleen sweeter,  
 Where the river Shannon flows.

## 34

## MY AIN FOLK

Far frae my hame I wander, but still my thoughts return  
 To my ain folk ower yonder, in the sheiling by the burn,  
 I see the cosy ingle, and the mist abune the brae;  
 And joy and sadness mingle, as I list some auld world lay.  
 And it's oh, but I'm longing for my ain folk,  
 though they be but lowly, puir and plain folk;  
 I am far beyond the sea, but my heart will ever be  
 At hame in dear old Scotland, wi' my ain folk.

## 35

## WYOMING

When the sun is sinking in Wyoming,  
 When the twilight shadows start to fall,  
 In my dreams I can hear a melody,  
 In my heart there's a tender memory;  
 By the cabin door I see my mother  
 With a little baby on her knee,  
 Then comes back that Wyoming luulaby,  
 Mother used to sing to me,  
 When night is near  
 That song I hear.

### Chorus

Go to sleep my baby,  
Close your pretty eyes,  
Angels up above you  
Peeping at my honey from the skies.  
Great big moon is shining,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Time for sleepy heads like you, dear, to go to  
sleep.  
That's my sweet Wyoming lullaby.

### 36 WHEN THE GREAT RED DAWN IS SHINING

When the great red dawn is shining,  
When the waiting hours are past,  
When the tears of night are ended,  
And I see the day at last.  
I shall come down the road of sunshine  
To a heart that is fond and true,  
When the great red dawn is shining,  
Back to home, back to love, and you.

### 37 MA

Little Lilly was so silly and shy,  
And all the fellows knew,  
She wouldn't bill and coo,  
Every single night some smart fellow would  
try,  
To cuddle up to her,  
But she would cry:  
Chorus  
"Ma, he's making eyes at me,  
Ma, he's awful nice to me,  
Ma, he's almost breaking my heart,  
(I'm beside him, mercy let his conscience  
guide him;)  
Ma, he wants to marry me,  
Be his honey bee,  
(Every minute he gets bolder, now he's  
leaning on my shoulder)  
Ma, he's kissing me."

### 38 I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home, I want to go home,  
I don't want to go to the front any more  
Where bullets they whistle and cannons they  
roar.  
Take me over the sea, where the Allemand  
can't get at me,  
Oh, my, I don't want to die, I want to go home.

### 39 JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are  
low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,  
Though the heart be weary, sad the day, and  
long,  
Still to us at twilight, comes love's sweet song,  
Comes love's old, sweet song.

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,  
 You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore,  
 When the m-m-m-moon shines over the  
 C-c-cow shed,  
 I'll be waiting at the k-k-kitchen door.

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous?  
 Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez-vous?  
 Mademoiselle from Armentieres, never been  
 kissed for forty years—  
 Inky, pinky, parlez-vous?.

Jist a wee deoch-an'-doris,  
 Jist a wee yin, that's a'.  
 Jist a wee deoch-an'-doris,  
 Before we gang awa'.  
 There's a wee wifie waitin'  
 In a wee but-an'-ben.  
 If ye can say "It's a braw, bricht meenlicht  
 nicht,"  
 Ye're a' richt, ye ken.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
 And days of Auld Lang Syne?  
 Chorus  
 For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne;  
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne.

Dear face that holds so sweet a smile for me,  
 Were you not mine, how dark the world  
 would be,  
 I know no light above that could replace  
 Love's radiant sunshine in your dear, dear  
 face.

Chorus

Give me your smile, the lovelight in your eyes,  
 Life could not hold a fairer paradise,  
 Give me the right to love you all the while,  
 My world for ever—the sunshine of your smile.

Tip Top Tipperary Mary, I love you true,  
 Tip Top Tipperary Mary, my love's true as  
 your eyes of blue;  
 I dream of your endearing young charms ev'ry  
 night thru,  
 Though I'm far away from Tipperary Mary,  
 My heart's with you.

## 46 WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP AND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,  
and I wore a big red rose,  
When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven  
blessed me, what a blessing, no one  
knows.  
You made life cheery, when you called me  
dearie,  
'Twas down where the blue grass grows,  
Your lips were sweeter than julep, when you  
wore a tulip, and I wore a big red rose.

## 47 HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! Hail!  
The gang's all here.  
Mustn't say that naughty word,  
Mustn't say that naughty word,  
Hail! Hail!  
The gang's all here,  
Mustn't say that naughty word now.

## 48 'TUCKY HOME

Old Kentucky cradled me when I was born,  
Old Kentucky how I miss your fields of corn,  
Nightime when I go to bed  
How I weep and toss my head,  
I'll weep no more,  
I'm going home instead.

### Chorus

Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,  
Cover me with Dixie skies and leave me there  
alone.  
Just let the sun kiss my cheeks ev'ry morn;  
Like the kissin' I've been missin' from my  
mammy since I'm gone.  
I ain't had a bit of rest, since I left my  
mammy's nest;  
I can always rest the best in her loving arms.  
Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tucky home,  
Let me lay there, stay there, never no more  
to roam.

## 49 MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND

Meet me tonight in dreamland,  
Under the silv'ry moon;  
Meet me tonight in dreamland,  
Where love's sweet roses bloom;  
Come with the love-light gleaming  
In your dear eyes of blue,  
Meet me in dreamland—  
Sweet dreamy dreamland—  
There let my dreams come true.

## 50 FAREWELL, LADIES

Farewell, ladies,  
Farewell, ladies,  
Farewell ladies, I'm goin' to leave you now.  
Merrily we'll roll along, roll along, roll along,  
Merrily we'll roll along,  
O'er the dark blue sea.

My wild Irish rose,  
The sweetest flower that grows,  
You can search everywhere,  
But none can compare  
With my wild Irish rose.  
My wild Irish rose,  
The sweetest flower that grows,  
And some day for my sake,  
She will let me take  
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

I wan-na be in Ten-nes-see, in my Dixie  
par-a-dise,  
An angel's voice I hear; I need my mammy,  
dear.  
I'd give my soul, if I could stroll, down among  
those hills again.  
For all the world would not be dreary then.  
I'd love to go to sleep and know that tomorrow  
I'd arise  
Beneath those southern skies, where song birds  
harmonize.  
Law-dy hear my plea, make me what I  
wan-na be,  
A roll-ing stone, just roll-ing home,  
To my sunny Ten-nes-see.

In the evening by the moonlight,  
You could hear those darkies singing;  
In the evening by the moonlight,  
You could hear those banjos ringing;  
How the old folks would enjoy it,  
They would sit all night and listen,  
As they sang in the evening, by the moonlight.

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## 54 A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Shure, a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky one day,  
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away;  
And when the angels found it, shure it looked so sweet and fair,  
They said suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there;  
So they sprinkled it with star dust to make the shamrocks grow;  
'Tis the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go;  
Then they dotted it with silver, to make its lakes so grand,  
And when they had it finished shure they called it Ireland.

## 55 GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time,  
In the good old summer time,  
Strolling through the shady lanes  
With your baby mine.  
She holds your hand and you hold hers,  
And that's a very good sign  
That she's your tootsy-wootsy,  
In the good old summer time.

## 56 SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold,  
Shine upon my brow today;  
Life is fading fast away;  
But my darling, you will be, will be,  
Always young and fair to me;  
Yes! my darling, you will be  
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus:

Darling, I am growing, growing old,  
Silver threads among the gold.  
Shine upon my brow today;  
Life is fading fast away.

## 57 RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain;  
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves;  
Britons never shall be slaves.

Come where the campfire is gleaming,  
Come where the fireflies are beaming,  
Down where the river is streaming by,  
There I'll be waiting for you,  
Waiting where the flames are glowing,  
To tell you I adore you, underneath the clear  
    moonlight so bright;  
Come where my banjo is ringing,  
Where summer breezes are singing,  
Down where the night owl is winging, too,  
I hear him calling you, yes, the owl is calling  
    you,  
Oh, my honey, come by the campfire, come by  
    the campfire bright.

## JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,  
Ling'ring falls the southern moon.  
Far o'er the mountain  
Breaks the day too soon.  
In thy dark eyes' splendor,  
Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Weary looks, yet tender,  
Speak their fond farewell.  
Chorus:  
Nita, Juanita,  
Ask thy soul if we should part!  
Nita, Juanita,  
Lean thou on my heart.

(Key of B Flat)

Tune: "John Brown's Body"

Nellie ate some oysters, Nellie ate some clams,  
Nellie ate some marmalade, Nellie ate some  
ham,  
Nellie ate some johnnycake, Nellie drank  
some beer,  
And Nellie never knew what made her feel so  
queer.  
O-up-came the oysters, o-up-came the clams,  
O-up-came the marmalade, o-up-came the ham,  
O-up-came the johnnycake, o-up-came the beer  
Then Nellie knew what made her feel so queer.

## GOING, GONE, GONE

Tune: Old Black Joe.

Gone are the days when we had our rock and  
rye,  
Gone is the kick from our mother's good mince  
pie,  
Gone from this land, from this land of ice and  
snow,  
They must have gone down south to look for  
"Old Black Joe."  
It's going, it's gone, for the "drys" all tell  
us so;  
We'll mourn it long, for it smelt strong,  
As Old Black Joe.

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,  
 Where early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gaed me her promise true,  
 Gaed me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the 'snow-drift,  
 Her neck is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 That e'er the sun shone on;  
 And dark blue is her e'e;  
 And for Bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doon and dee.

## 63 I'SE GOIN' BACK TO DIXIE

I'se goin' back to Dixie, no more I'se goin' to wander,  
 My heart's turned back to Dixie, I can't stay here no longer,  
 I miss the old plantation, my home and my relation,  
 My heart's turned back to Dixie, an' I must go.

Chorus

I'se goin' back to Dixie, I'se goin' back to Dixie,  
 I'se goin' where the orange blossoms grow;  
 For I hear the children callin', I see their sad tears fallin',  
 My heart's turned back to Dixie, an' I must go.

## 64 OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away,  
 There's where my heart is turning ever,  
 There's where the old folks stay.  
 All up and down the whole creation sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for the old plantation  
 And for the old folks at home.

Chorus

All the world am sad and dreary, everywhere I roam,  
 Oh, darkies how my heart grows weary,  
 Far from the old folks at home.

All around the little farm I wandered, when I was young;  
 Then many days I squandered, many the songs I sung.  
 When I was playing with my brother, happy was I.  
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother, there let me live and die.

## 65 EVERYTHING IS PEACHES DOWN IN GEORGIA

Ev'rything is peaches down in Georgia,  
What a peach of a clime, for a peach of a time.  
Believe me, Paradise is waiting down there  
for you,  
I've got a peach of a Pa, peach of a Ma,  
Oh, what a peach of a couple they are!  
There's a preacher preaches down in Georgia,  
Always ready to say: "Will you love and  
obey?"  
I bet you'll pick yourself a peach of a wife,  
Settle down to a peach of a life,  
Ev'rything is peaches down in Georgia.

## 66 ROUND HER NECK SHE WEARS A YELLER RIBBON

'Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon,  
She wears it in the winter and the summer so  
they say,  
If you ask her "Why the decoration?"  
She'll say "It's fur my lover who is fur, fur  
away,  
Fur away . . . fur away . . ."  
If she is milkin' cows or mowin' hay;  
'Round her neck she wears a yeller ribbon,  
She wears it fur her lover who is fur, fur  
away.

## 67 O, CANADA

(By Hon. R. Stanley Weir, Montreal)

O Canada! Our home and native land,  
True patriot love in all thy sons command,  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The true North, strong and free;  
And stand on guard, O Canada.  
Stand aye on guard for thee.  
O Canada! O Canada!  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! Where the pines and maples grow,  
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.  
How dear to us thy broad domain,  
From East to Western Sea,  
Thou land of hope for all who toil,  
The true North, strong and free;  
O Canada! O Canada!  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies  
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise;  
To keep thee steadfast through the years  
From East to Western Sea,  
Our Fatherland, Our Motherland!  
Our true North, strong and free!  
O Canada! O Canada!  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

## THE TALE OF A SHIRT

There was a man,  
 His name was Wirt,  
 His wife bought him,  
 A colored shirt.  
 He bought a goat,  
 To please his kid.  
 Now I'll tell you,  
 What that goat did.  
 It tore the shirt,  
 Right off the line,  
 But Mr. Wirt,  
 Caught him in time.  
 He said he would  
 That shirt get back,  
 So tied him to  
 The railroad track.  
 Sing au revoir,  
 But not good-bye,  
 That goat, he was,  
 Too cute to die.  
 He coughed and kicked,  
 With might and main,  
 Coughed up that shirt,  
 And flagged the train.

## 69 WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,  
 Sure it's like a morn in spring;  
 In the lilt of Irish laughter  
 You can hear the angels sing,  
 When Irish hearts are happy,  
 All the world seems bright and gay,  
 And when Irish eyes are smiling,  
 Sure they steal your heart away.

## 70

## SWEET GENIEVE

O Genevieve, I'd give the world  
 To live again the lovely past;  
 The rose of youth was dew-impearled,  
 But now it withers in the blast.  
 I see thy face in every dream,  
 My waking thoughts are full of thee,  
 Thy glance is in the starry beam,  
 That falls along the summer sea.  
 Chorus

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve!  
 The days may come, the days may go,  
 But still the hands of memory weave  
 The blissful dreams of long ago.

## 71 THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

The bells of St. Mary's, Ah! hear they are  
 calling  
 The young loves, the true loves,  
 Who come from the sea.  
 And so my beloved,  
 While red leaves are falling,  
 The love-bells shall ring out—ring out for  
 you and me.

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,  
 And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care.  
 I kiss the dear fingers, so toilworn for me.  
 Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

All by myself, I get lonely, watching the clock on the shelf.  
 I'd love to rest my weary head on somebody's shoulder.  
 I hate to grow older, all by myself.  
 All by myself in the morning—  
 All by myself in the night—  
 I sit alone in a cosy Morris chair,  
 So unhappy there, playing solitaire,

Mammy, Mammy. The sun shines East,  
 The sun shines west,  
 But I just know where the sun shines best.  
 Mammy, Mammy, my heart strings are tangled around Alabammy,  
 I'se comin', sorry that I made you wait,  
 I'se comin, hope and pray I'm not too late.  
 Mammy, Mammy, I'd walk a million miles  
 For one of your smiles, my Mammy.

I ain't nobody's darling,  
 I'm as blue as can be.  
 I ain't got nobody  
 To make a fuss over me.  
 If I don't get somebody,  
 I'm going back to the farm.  
 I'll feed the cows and chickens,  
 'Cause I don't give a good gosh darn.

I got ten little fingers, and ten little toes,  
 Down in Tennessee,  
 Waiting there for me,  
 I never had a baby call me "Dada,"  
 How proud I know I'll be,  
 When I hear it calling me.  
 Oh, say! I'll kiss every finger;  
 I'll kiss every toe,  
 At home, sweet home, I'll linger,  
 For they'll need me there, I know,  
 Although it only weighs ten pounds,  
 And just one day old,  
 I wouldn't give it up for all the world  
 and its gold.  
 For I've got ten little fingers and ten  
 little toes,  
 Waiting down in Tennessee for me.

## LET'S ALL BE GOOD PALS TOGETHER

Let's all be good pals together,  
 That's the spirit that should fill the air,  
 Let's smile in all sorts of weather,  
 Treat everybody fair and square,  
 Remember we should be thankful to be here;  
 To err is human, to forgive divine,  
 Let's all be good pals together,  
 For when you're gone, you're gone a long,  
 long time.

## JUST LIKE A GYPSY

Just like a gypsy I've wandered my whole life through,  
 Watching and waiting for somebody just like you,  
 Hoping that some day my luck would break,  
 Wandering, squandering—my time on some mistake.  
 But now that I've found you, I need never wander more;  
 I've found the one, dear, that I have been looking for.  
 With love I may grow tipsy, like a gypsy would do;  
 Searching hill and dale 'till I hit the trail  
 Right straight to you.

## DARLING NELLIE GREY

There's an old green valley by the old Kentucky shore,  
 Where I whiled many happy hours away.  
 I am sitting and I'm singing by the little cottage door,  
 Where lived my darling Nellie Grey.  
 Chorus  
 O my poor Nellie Grey, they have taken you away,  
 And I'll never see my darling any more.  
 I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,  
 For you're gone from the old Kentucky shore.

Carry me back to old Virginy,  
 There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow,  
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,  
 There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go;  
 There's where I labored so hard for old massa,  
 Day after day, in the fields of yellow corn;  
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely,  
 Than old Virginy, the state where I was born.

### Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There's where the cotton and the corn and  
taters grow;  
There's where the birds warble sweet in the  
springtime;  
There's where the old darkey's heart am  
long'd to go.  
Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There let me live till I wither and decay.  
Long by the old dismal swamp have I  
wandered,  
There's where the old darkey's life will pass  
away.  
Massa and Missis have long gone before me;  
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden  
shore;  
There we'll meet and we'll never part no  
more.

### 81 OH! WHAT A PAL WAS MARY

Oh! what a gal was Mary,  
Oh! what a pal was she,  
An angel was born on Easter morn,  
And God sent her down to me.  
Heart of my heart was Mary,  
Soul of my soul divine,  
Though she is gone,  
Love lingers on,  
For Mary, old pal of mine.

### 82 I KNOW WHERE THE FLIES GO

I know where the flies go in the Winter time;  
Each year, in September,  
Up the wall they climb,  
Lay their eggs, then fly away,  
Come back on the first of May,  
Break their eggs, then, oh, what joy!  
First a girl and then a boy—  
Then they sing "We've travell'd far,  
And eaten all the peaches down in Georgia."  
So now you know where the flies go  
On a cold and frosty morning.

### 83 FEATHER YOUR NEST

The birds are humming "Go feather your  
nest,"  
Tomorrow's coming—so feather your nest,  
It's time for mating, no use hesitating,  
The parson is waiting, he knows just whether  
it's best;  
In a home for two, love, together we'll rest,  
Where only true love can weather the test;  
Don't be delaying, the organ is playing,  
The whole world is saying, "Go feather your  
nest."

Peggy O'Neil is a girl who could steal  
Any heart, anywhere, any time.  
And I'll put you wise how you'll recognize  
This wonderful girl of mine.

## Chorus

If her eyes are blue as skies,  
That's Peggy O'Neil.  
If she's smiling all the while,  
That's Peggy O'Neil.  
If she walks like a shy little rogue,  
If she talks with a cute little brogue,  
Sweet personality, full of rascality,  
That's Peggy O'Neil.

Everything planned for a wedding so grand;  
In the spring I will bring her a ring,  
Then somewhere in town we'll both settle  
down,  
And all through the day I'll sing.

Bill collectors gather round and rather  
Haunt the cottage next door.  
Men the grocer and butcher sent,  
Men who call for the rent,  
But within a happy chappy  
And his bride of only a year  
Seem to be so cheerful,  
Here's an earful  
Of the chatter you hear.

## Chorus

Every morning, every evening, ain't we got  
fun,  
Not much money, oh, but honey, ain't we got  
fun,  
The rents unpaid dear, we haven't a bus,  
But smiles were made, dear, for people like us.  
In the winter, in the summer, don't we have  
fun,  
Times are bum and getting bummer, still we  
have fun.  
There's nothing surer, the rich get richer and  
the poor get children,  
In the meantime, in between time, ain't we got  
fun.

Tune—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean  
My tunic is out at the elbows,  
My trousers are out at the knee,  
My puttees are ragged and frazzled.  
But the Q.M. says nothing for me.

My Tummy knocks hard on my backbone,  
My dial is thin as can be;  
Still all we get handed at mealtimes,  
Is bully and Machonochie.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
 Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
 Your children, wives and grandsires hoary:  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding  
 With wailing hosts a ruffian band  
 Affright and desolate the land  
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding.

## Chorus

To arms, to arms ye brave!  
 The avenging sword unsheathe!  
 March on, march on,  
 All hearts resolved  
 On victory or death.

Dusk, and the shadows falling, O'er land and sea  
 Somewhere a voice is calling, Calling for me!  
 Dusk, and the shadows falling, O'er land and sea,  
 Somewhere a voice is calling, Calling for me.

Night, and the stars are gleaming, Tender and true  
 Dearest, my heart is dreaming, Dreaming of you!  
 Night, and the stars are gleaming, Tender and true  
 Dearest, my heart is dreaming, Dreaming of you.

(Three Cheers)

I love to be a sailor, a sailor, a sailor,  
 I love to sail upon the ocean blue, yes, I do-oo-oo!  
 I love to be a sailor, a sailor, a sailor,  
 Sailing on the good ship Kangaroo.

When you come to the end of a perfect day,  
 And you sit alone with your thought,  
 While the chimes ring out with a carol gay  
 For the joy that the day has brought,  
 Do you think what the end of a perfect day  
 Can mean to a tired heart,  
 When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,  
 And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,  
 Near the end of a journey, too,  
 But it leaves a thought that is big and strong  
 With a wish that is kind and true,  
 For memory has painted this perfect day  
 With colors that never fade,  
 And we find at the end of a perfect day  
 The soul of a friend we've made.

91      WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET  
            TOGETHER

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime  
    For a life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into daytime  
    With the sunlight of good cheer!  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a handclasp of friendship,  
And a good song ringing clear;  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a handclasp of friendship,  
And a good song ringing clear.

For we know the world is glorious,  
    And the goal a golden thing,  
And that God is not censorious  
    When His children have their fling;  
And life slips its tether,  
When good fellows get together,  
With a handclasp of friendship,  
In the fellowship of spring  
And life slips its tether,  
When good fellows get together,  
With a handclasp of friendship,  
In the fellowship fo spring.

92      ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING

Roaming in the trenches, Ross Rifle by my  
    side,  
Roaming in the trenches, couldn't fire if I  
    tried;  
It's worse than all the rest, the Lee Enfield I  
    like best,  
I'd like to lose it roaming in the trenches.

93      COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city,  
    Where the girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on Sweet Molly Malone,  
    As she wheeled her wheel-barrow  
    Thro' streets broad and narrow,  
Crying, Cockles and Mussels! Alive, alive O!  
    Chorus  
        Alive, alive O!  
        Alive, alive O!  
    Crying, Cockles and Mussels!  
        Alive, alive O!

94      THE ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND

There's a rose that grows on "No Man's Land"  
    And it's wonderful to see,  
Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for  
    years  
    In my garden of memory,  
It's the one red rose the soldier knows,  
    It's the work of the Master's hand;  
'Mid the war's great curse stands the Red  
    Cross Nurse,  
She's the rose of "No Man's Land."

Oh, Frenchy, Oh, Frenchy, Frenchy,  
 Although your language is so new to me,  
 When you say "Oui, oui, lala"  
 "We" means you and me, la la,  
 Oh, Frenchy, Oh, Frenchy, Frenchy,  
 You've won my love with your bravery,  
 March on, march on, with any girl you see  
 But when you la la la la,  
 Oh, Frenchy, save your la la la's for me.

96      WHEN IT'S APPLE BLOSSOM  
 TIME IN NORMANDY

When it's apple blossom time in Normandy!  
 I want to be in Normandy,  
 By that dear old wishing well  
 With you, Marie!  
 When it's apple blossom time in Normandy,  
 I'm coming back to woo.  
 And the spring will bring a wedding ring,  
 Little sweetheart, to you!

97      COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?  
 "I," said the sparrow,  
 "With my bow and arrow,  
 I killed Cock Robin."

All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and  
 a-sobbing,  
 When they heard of the death of poor Cock  
 Robin,  
 When they heard of the death of poor Cock  
 Robin,  
 Tra la, tra la la la la, tra la, tra la la la la,  
 Tra la, tra la la la la, tra la, tra la la la la.

Who saw him die?  
 "I," said the fly,  
 "With my little eye,  
 I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?  
 "I," said the fish,  
 "With my little dish,  
 I caught his blood."

Who'll dig his grave?  
 "I," said the owl,  
 "With my little trowel,  
 I'll dig his grave."

Who'll toll the bell?  
 "I," said the bull,  
 "Because I can pull,  
 I'll toll the bell."

Who'll be the parson?  
 "I," said the rook,  
 "With my bell and book,  
 I'll be the parson."

Who'll be chief mourner?  
 "I," said the dove,  
 "I mourn for my love,  
 I'll be chief mourner."



